Winke each at other, holde the ſweeete ieaſt vp,
This ſport well carried, ſhall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee ſuch an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete, doe not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell no more, then ſhe intreat.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weake praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I ſweare by that which I will looſe for thee;
To prooue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
Dem. Quick come,
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiop*.
Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake looſe: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from mee, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medicine: o hated potion hence.
Her. Doe you not ieaſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth: and ſo doe you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. What? ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet ſince night, you left me:
Why then, you left mee (o the gods forbid)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life:
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt:
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no ieaſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue: what, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart, from him?
Hel. Fine, I faith.
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſweres, from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? Why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare,
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, (for ſooth) ſhe hath preuaild with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake:
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
Let her not hurt me. I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe: